

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

Here Is Healing Balm
For Aching Hearts.

A Girl's Attitude Toward Men.

Dear Mr. Ayer:
I am a young girl of eighteen years, and became acquainted with a gentleman of whom I think a great deal. He asked me to go out with him one afternoon, and I said I would; that same day I invited him to spend the evening with me, which he did. He expects to leave the city, so I asked him to let me hear from him while he is away, and he said he would. But whether he will or not is another thing. How can I find out if he cares for me or not? Is there any way of my winning him? ELEANOR.

WAIT patiently, and you will be able to judge for yourself. It would have been more discreet not to ask the man to spend the evening with you on the day you accepted his invitation. Clever women let men take the initiative and do the courting. I never saw a man in my life who valued any possession for which he had not to make some struggle. Do not write this young man or appear to be too much interested in him. A woman who is worth winning, according to a man's estimate, is the woman who is really won. Cultivate the attributes that all men admire in women—the moral fibre that gives her strength to withstand just such temptations as you are now encountering. The modesty that prevents a young girl from the appearance of meeting a man half way, much less making advances and the genuine sympathy with humanity that make some one woman the most adorable of companions and the winning of her love the goal of every honest man's hopes, should be possessed by every girl.

Another Girl Made Trouble.

Dear Mr. Ayer:
I have been keeping company with a young lady for two years and we always agreed until a young lady got in between us and told things to her which I never said. Kindly advise me what to do, for I really do love the girl. P. Z.

He Is a Sincere Young Man.

Dear Mr. Ayer:
I have been keeping company with a young lady a few years and I am just as much in the dark to-day as I was when we first met. She keeps me guessing all the time. What I want to find out is does this young lady love me or not. She never wants to go out with me alone; only with other young ladies. When we met last I tried to kiss her, but she said she does not allow any man to kiss her. I also wrote her a letter, but she would not answer it. She speaks highly of me to her friends and they told me she felt very blue when I left home for a few months, but when I came back I heard she was living out, and I lost her address and it took me some time before I found her. Now she receives me kindly at times; cold at others. What would you advise me to do? Give her up or try harder? I am a sincere young man of good character, very determined in winning a girl as I am in other things, but, of course, when hope is gone it is silly and useless to go further. THREOME, Elizabeth, N. J.

I QUITE agree with you. When hope is gone it is silly and useless to keep up the pursuit. It is not enough that you should love the girl, although I admit in ordinary cases it is a good deal, but you must make yourself so agreeable to this girl that she will prefer your society to any other. It seems to me, however, that a young lady as capricious as you describe is not possessed of characteristics that

would make her a desirable wife for a sincere young man. A girl who can keep a would-be lover continually guessing is not very apt to settle down to the responsibilities and seriousness of matrimony. If you really wish my opinion it seems to me that the girl is peculiarly silly and unattractive.

"Not as refinishing elevating as it was twice as elevatingly refined," suggested the Man with the Whiskers, pettishly. "Possibly not," agreed the Cross-Eyed Man, "but lots refinishing elevatingly than it was only half as elevatingly refined. Anyhow, I'm going, if only to see fair play."

"Huh!" grunted the Man with the Whiskers, "how can you see Fair Play? What does it look like? Ever see a photograph of it? If you met it suddenly on a lonely road on a dark night would you be able to swear whether the creature that tottered past was Fair Play or a dog or a bird or a patent medicine? If you met it on the race track?"

"If you met it on the race track," interjected a dejected-looking passenger with a horseshoe pin and frayed cheek trousers, "you could safely bet ten to one it wasn't Fair Play!"

"Yes," went on the Man with the Whiskers, unheeding, "I think I'd take in the yacht races myself. If only they weren't on the water. The sea always makes me seasick. At least," he corrected himself, "it always makes me seasick when I go on it. It doesn't at other times."

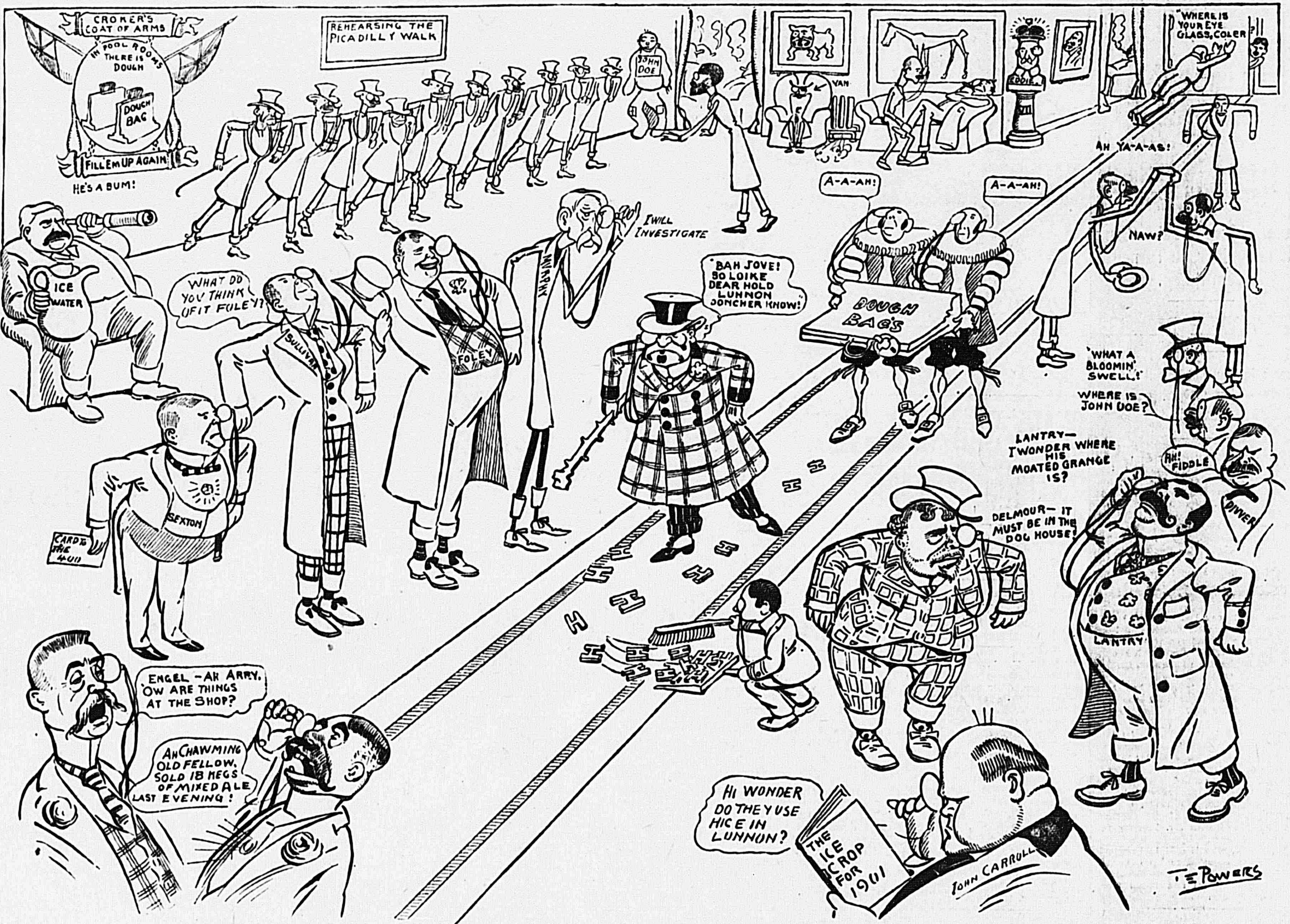
"It would if you tried to eat it," urged the Cross-Eyed Man. "It's quite salt, you know. In spite of the fresh breezes that circumnavy it."

"But not as salt as if—" "As you were saying," interrupted the Cross-Eyed Man, "it would be nice if the races could be held on dry land. But, of course," he added patronizingly, "they couldn't."

"Of course not," assented the Man with the Whiskers, "they couldn't take it with them."

WILL IT COME TO THIS IN THE DEMOCRATIC CLUB?

By T. E. POWERS.



A POSSIBLE SCENE AT SQUIRE CROKER'S HEADQUARTERS ON FIFTH AVENUE WHEN THE CLUB MEMBERS FOLLOW IN THE ENGLISH FOOTSTEPS OF THEIR CHIEF.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE EYES.

GRAY is said to be the color of talent and shrewdness. Great thinkers have gray eyes. For women they indicate a better head than heart. Gray eyes, however, are of many varieties. There are the sharp, the shrewish, the spiteful, the cold, the penetrating the meditating and the intellectual; but the fact remains that the gray represents the head. "There is one variety of gray eyes of which the lover should beware," says an expert in ophthalmology. "It is the soft eye with a large pupil that contracts and dilates with a word, a thought or a flash of feeling. An eye that laughs, that sighs almost; that has its sunshine, its twilight, its moonbeams and its storms. A wonderful eye that tells you, whether you will or not, and holds you after it has cast you off, no matter whether the face be fair or not."

A hazel-eyed woman, according to these same experts, you can generally rely on. She never descends to scan-

dals, never talks too much or too little, prefers her husband's comfort to her own, and is, on the whole, an intellectual, agreeable, lovable creature. Of green eyes it is said that they betoken courage, pride and energy. Black eyes are symbolical of fire, firmness and heroism. Sometimes they have a trace of diabolism in their rays that have a potent attraction over men's hearts. Men have light eyes oftener than women, but in the intermediate grade of color between light and dark the percentage of the two sexes is very nearly, though not quite, the same. In this intermediate category are brown and hazel eyes, neither pure light nor genuine black. A prominent or full eye indicates command of language, ready and universal observation. Round-eyed persons are much. They live much in their senses, but think less. Frequent eyes receive impressions more accurately, definitely and deeply. Narrow-eyed persons are less but think more and feel more intensely.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

GAIN the old heraldic pomp
Of autumn on the hills:
A scarlet parent in the
swamp;
Low lyrics from the rills;
And rich star in the air
That Orient morn distills.
Again the tapestry of haze
Of amethystine dye
Enriching the horizon ways;
And from the middle sky
The hermit, reverent call
Of wild geese winging by.
Again the viols of wind
Attuned to one soft theme—
Here, every burden left behind,
On love would it not seem
A near approach to paradise
In dream and dream and dream?
—Clinton Scollard in Woman's
Home Companion.

THE MAGICIANS OF SCIENCE AND THE MANY EVER ELUSIVE WONDERS OF NATURE.

HOW much of nature can man ever know? He has made vast progress and is moving at an accelerated pace, but all the progress is in a sense relative, and the unpeaked majority of nature's problems and characteristics must forever remain mysteries, unreachable and unknowable. That is my conviction. And why? Because men are the slaves of their senses and nervous systems, and because these are imperfect, nay, totally inadequate as instruments wherewith to approach, far less examine and interpret, the phenomena of the universe. We have ears, eyes, tongue and the sense of touch, that is to say we can see some things, we can hear some things, we can smell some things, we can taste some things, we can feel some things—in every case just these things which are capable of impressing the particular organs with which they have

A RATHER STUCK-UP FAMILY.

